NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MR. KINGLAKE'S NEW VOLUME.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: Its Origin and an Account of its Progress Down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. KINGLAKE. Vol. VI. The Winter Troubles. 8vo, pp. xviii, 482. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

In the prosecution of his long and remarkable work Mr. Kinglake has now reached that period of suffering for the army, of despair and anger among the people at home, which followed the battle of Inkerman. In this volume (the last but one of the work), there is no picture of the clash of arms; but there was not less of the heroism of war in the terrible winter of patient endurance than in the splendid conflicts described with so much force in Mr. Kinglake's earlier pages. No one certainly will find in this portion of the narrative any lack of vivacious characterization or dramatic movement. Mr. Kinglake's sketch of the demeanor of the British soldier, under the dreadful hardships of a winter in tents on the frozen Chersonese Peninsula, without fuel, without proper clothing, often without food, performing three times his due share of labor, and working harder and harder every day as the ranks were thinned by death, though brief is deeply impressive.

All their hardships—hardships too often fatal—our officers and men endured with a heroism, as the Sebastopol Committee declared "unsurpassed in the annals of war;" and in truth the contented devotion of the men under these cruel trials was such as to appear almost preternatural in the eyes of one who measures self-sacrifice by a merely civilian standard. Incredible as the statement may seem, there is yet ground for saying, though of course in only general terms, that the men did not choose to complain of the privations and hardships under which they were suffering. It is remembered indeed that once they showed indignant displeasure, but the feeling in that instance sprang from what was a purely unselfish, nay, even delicate sentiment. An order had been issued directing that the blanket in which a dead soldier lay wrapt when carried to the edge of his grave should be removed from his body before consigning it to earth, and that measure our men disapproved. In the midst of their own bodily sufferings, they condemned what they thought a slight to the remains of their departed comrades.

The true soldier, or "paid man," as distinguished from the one raised by conscription, is indeed a man governed by feelings and convictions which at first sight appear strangely different from those of other human beings. Upon the humble rights that he has acquired by entering the army he insists with a curious tenacity; but as regards the other side of his wild, romantic bargain, he performs it with unstinting readiness, paying down his vast stake, his freedom, his ease, his strength, his health, his life, as though it were nothing worth. Lord Raglan, when visiting the field-hospitals, used to ask upon entering each tent whether any of the men there collected had any complaints to make; and then it commonly happened that one of the sufferers answered by firmly alleging a grievance but a grievance, strange to say, unconnected with the privations then threatening his very life, a grievance based in general upon some question of "stoppages," and always concerning money. Thereupon Lord Raglan would promise that the question raised should be considered, and his attendant aide-de-camp (who on these occasions was generally Colonel Nigel Kingscote) used then to make a careful note of the complaint. This process was repeated until all the complaints had been heard; but invariably they related to money questions.

No man ever used to say: "My lord, you see how I am lying wet and cold, with only this one blanket to serve me for bed and covering. The doctors are wonderfully kind, but they have not the medicines, nor the wine, nor any of the comforting things they would like to be giving me. If only I had another blanket, I think perhaps I might live." Such words would have been true to the letter, and also, I imagine, appropriate in the judgment of almost any civilian; but the soldier was not the man who would deign to utter them. He would hold the State fast to its bargain in respect to those pence that were promised him through the lips of the recruiting sergeant; but, on the other hand, he seemed to acknowledge that he had committed his bodily welfare no less than his life to the chances of war, and would let the Queen have what he sold her without a grudging word. Sometimes the brave men—I speak now of the men under arms—would do more than acquiesce in their sufferings, and—detecting perhaps a shadow of care in the face of their honored chief when he rode past their camp—would seize any occasion that offered for showing him that they were content. Thus, for instance, when asked by Lord Raglan whether his regiment had obtained its warm clothing, a soldier would not merely say "yes," but gratefully and cheerily add that that "was all they wanted."

"I do not pretend," says Mr. Kinglake in a note, "to understand the soldier's true nature, and, indeed, all I learn tends rather to deepen than to solve the mystery. It cannot be that he is an angel—if he were, notwithstanding his inches, we should not want to enlist him—but (except upon the supposition of his being an actor who is matchless in playing a part) it is impossible to doubt that his character has angelic phases." The account of Miss Florence Nightingale's famous achievement belongs to this part of the history; and Mr. Kinglake has written few more glowing pages than those which describe the victory of women over red tape, and the operations of the volunteer relief agencies whose self-imposed duties were similar in kind to those assumed later, on a much larger scale, by our own Sanitary and Christian Commissions.

The collapse of the administrative departments of the British military service at this time occupies a large part of the book, and is discussed thoroughly and acutely. Censure was laid by the public, and to some extent the Government at times seemed to concur in it, upon Lord Raglan, upon his Quartermaster-General, upon his Chief Commissary, and various other functionaries, and it was only after repeated official inquiries that a final verdict was at last rendered. Apart from a faulty plan of campaign (the blame for which Mr. Kinglake in his second volume laid in great measure upon *The Times* newspaper, the cause of the disasters of the winter was decided to be the want of transport from the landing at Balaclava to the camp, and want of transport was owing to the neglect of the officials of the Treasury in London to send out the supplies of hay for which the military authorities made requisitions. There were grave deficiencies in nearly all branches of the supply and transport service; but this lack of forage was the one chief source of unnumbered miseries and deaths. Mr. Kinglake gives an account of the English war administration at the time of the Crimean campaign which would be amusing if we could forget what tragical consequences resulted from its inefficiency. A part of the confusion sprang from the imperfectly defined distinction between the military authority of the sovereign, who was technically the personal head of the army, and the authority of "Government," or the Ministers through whom the real power must be exercised. Since the peace of 1815, all the fighting forces of England had been made to depend upon centres of administrative power established in India and the Colonies, so that "it was possible for her to be a fighting and conquering State during a period of nearly forty years without having at home in London or Westminster that mainspring of military operations which men call a war department." Besides the "Horse Guards," or army headquarters, which is a royal, not a government office, there were two departments "which connected themselves with the mighty word War by three quaintly distinctive prepositions." The Colonial Minister was also the Minister *of* War, or, in other phraseology, the Secretary of State *for* War. In peace times he managed only affairs connected with the Colonies, but in time of war his dormant authority over the conduct of military business revived. During the Crimean campaign these two incongruously joined offices were divided. The second military department was the War Office, the chief of which was styled the Secretary *at* War. This was merely a financial bureau. The Horse Guards "served as an office in which the 'personal king' transacted his military business." "As though for a civil war already begun, the field-marshal or general commanding in chief was supported by a well-chosen staff, with an organization which he always maintained upon the footing of a headquarters camp, having under him his adjutant-general, his quartermaster-general, his military secretary, his host of efficient though subordinate officers, his aides-de-camp personally attending him, his cavalry orderlies waiting to fly off at a word with dispatches; and—whether importing a vow to 'have it out, some day or other, with the damnable Parliamentarians,' or for some other less warlike purpose concealed from inquiring civilians—there sat all day in alcoves, open only on the side of the street, two ponderous troopers on horseback—riding each about twenty-two stone—who eternally, steadily, cheerfully looked across the gay road at Whitehall toward the site of the historic scaffold." The Horse Guards had command over all the cavalry and infantry, but the artillery and engineers were subject to still another department, called the Ordnance, which, beside its other functions, was required to furnish the whole material of war both for the army and the naval service. A considerable part of the food of troops serving beyond sea was furnished by the Victualling Office, not of the army, but of the Admiralty. For other supplies the Commissariat Service was responsible, and the Commissariat was a bureau of the Treasury. It had a force for Ireland and the Colonies, but none for Great Britain, and not even the framework of such a force for any foreign campaign, so that when war was declared against Russia the Commissariat had to be created anew from head to foot. The Transport Service belonged to the navy. The Medical Director-General was subordinate to at least five departments of State, "and he knew not how many more." Thus the control was scattered among a number of offices, and there was no high overruling authority that bound them up into anything like a unit of administrative power. "Far from always appealing for guidance to some paramount chief, they rather cooperated with one another, and this, too, in a highly English spirit of independence, each maintaining with firmness the integrity of its little dominions, and expressing in able dispatches to coequals over the way, or perhaps at the end of the street, all those delicately shaded varieties of request, pressure, warning, remonstrance which diplomatists well know how to choose when they speak in the name of great States."

Perhaps the most interesting portions of the volume are those in which Mr. Kinglake treats of the conduct of *The Times*. His scorn of the course pursued by that journal during the Crimean War has not abated in the least since he penned, so many years ago, his famous analysis of the character of the great "Company for ascertaining and declaring the opinion of the country," which, as soon as it was able to make out that a cause was waxing strong, "went up and offered to lead it, and so reigned." It was the policy of Lord Raglan, and indeed his only hope of safety, during the winter of 1854-'55, to deceive the enemy in his front by a bold appearance of strength and unconcern. It became the daily occupation fo *The Times* to tear away the mask and expose the weakness of the English Army to all the world. The letters of Mr. W. H. Russell not only gave full particulars of the sufferings of the soldiers, but even described the location of regiments, told of the numbers of guns in the batteries, the effect of the Russian shells, and pointed out the position of powder magazines—particulars which must have been promptly transmitted from London to St. Petersburg, unless the Russian Government was remarkably ill-served. "I know something of the kind of information which the commander of an army requires of the state and condition of the troops opposed to him," wrote Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle, "and I can safely say that during the whole of the war in the Peninsula the Duke of Wellington was never supplied with such details as are to be found in the letter to which I am desirous of attracting your attention." Unwilling to resort to harsh measures, Lord Raglan caused the correspondents in the camp to be made aware of the necessity for greater prudence, and the Duke of Newcastle addressed an appeal to the editors in London, which elicited courteous and proper replies. So far as *The Times* was concerned, however, these remonstrances proved quite in vain; the "marplot disclosures," as Mr. Kinglake calls them, continued to be made to the listening enemy, and the editor continued to aggravate the mischief wrought by the correspondent.

The bold, skilled, sagacious envoy whom the conductors of our modern newspapers dispatch to a seat of war is a member of what has now become an interesting, chivalrous profession, with not only its recognized duties, but also a code of honor implying so much of the military spirit, that he who chooses to follow this venturesome calling is accustomed to hold himself in readiness for instant, unquestioning obedience when ordered off at short notice to meet toil, privation, and danger in any part of the world. How successfully in the face of besetting difficulties such an envoy can plant himself upon the spot where light may be expected to fall, how he winnows away the tables surrounding him in the tumult of camps, and fastens upon the dim-looking truths, and gives them besides their significance, and sends them on their magic flight homewards—all this we admiringly know; but we also know that, in general, the better achieves these wonders because often, though not indeed always, he has found means of reconciling the duties of a trusted correspondent with the duties of a trusted guest received, it may be, in the quarters of some more or less high commander, and of course bound to make no disclosures which might benefit the foes of his host.

At the date of the Crimean War, however, the calling of the military correspondent was only beginning to find its destined place in the world. Lord Raglan had an old-fashioned prejudice against gentlemen of the press in camp. He never thought of excluding them, but on the other hand he never tried to acquire any control or influence over the tenor of their communications. They were left entirely to their own judgment of what it might be proper to make known. Of Dr. Russell, who was the principal personage among the correspondents, both by reason of his abilities and by reason of transgressions, Mr. Kinglake writes as follows:

It was scarce necessary that a narrator engaged in his task at this time should be of the adventurous type of the more modern "war correspondents," because the seat of war had become fixed; but Mr. Russell had the very assemblage of qualities that was needed by one who would convey an idea of the condition of things on the Chersonese to our listening people at home; for it being of course his duty to learn and to tell, there was no one who could learn more quickly or tell better what he had learnt. His opportunity of gathering intelligence depended of course in great measure upon communications which might be made to him by officers of their own free will; and it is evident that to draw full advantage from occasions found in that way, the inquirer, instead of "inquiring," must be a man so socially gifted that by his own powers of conversation he can evoke the conversation of others. Russell was all that and more; for he was a great humorist, and more, again, he was an Irish humorist, whose very tones fetched a laugh. If only he shouted "Virgilio"—Virgilio was one of his servants—the sound when heard through the canvas used often to send divine mirth into more than one neighboring tent; and whenever in solemn accents he owned the dread uniform he wore to be that of the late "disembodied militia," one used to think nothing more comic could ever be found in creation than his "rendering" of a "live Irish ghost." In those days when the army was moving after having disembarked at Old Fort, he had not found means to reorganize the needed campaigning arrangements which his voyage from Bulgaria had disturbed, and any small tribulation he suffered in consequence used always to form the subject of his humorously plaintive laments. He always found, sooner or later, some blank leaves torn out of a pocket-book, and besides, some stump of a pencil with which to write his letters—letters destined in the sheets of *The Times* to move the hearts and souls of our people at home, and make them hang on his words; but, until he could lay his hand on some such writing materials, there was ineffable drollery in his way of asking some sympathy for a "poor devil of a *Times* correspondent without any pens, ink, or paper."

By the natural play of a humor thus genial and taking, he thawed a great deal of reserve, and men talked to him with much more openness than they would have been likely to show if approached by a solemn inquirer in evident search of dry facts. Russell also had abundant sagacity; and besides in his special calling was highly skilled; for what men told him he could seize with rare accuracy, and convert at once into powerful narrative.

Moreover, after a while, though hardly, I think, at the first, men could not well help imagining that Mr. Russell's good or ill will to them might express itself perhaps in *The Times*, and this of course was a prospect which could not but give him power; for—reminding one of the merry species of priest often found in his own native land—he seemed charged—notwithstanding his drollery—with commission to bind and to loose. So long as his tent remained pitched amongst those of the headquarters staff, statements useful for his purpose were not, I think, largely offered him; but from the time when he removed to the camp of the Fourth Division, he became surrounded by willing informants, whose communications were not unmixed with sharp criticism of the men in authority; so that almost without special effort to learn the state of our army, he not only came to know much of the dismal truth, but also heard what could be said in disparagement of the ruling administrators, and thus had at command the materials which, when used as he knew how to use them, with the skill of a powerful writer, might well move our people at home; for, after having already laid hold of their minds and their hearts with his pictured story of battles, he now had to be appalling them with accounts of the misery endured on the Chersonese Heights, and inflaming them with rage, honest rage, when step by step led to infer that, because of delinquencies traceable to one or more public servants, their troops had been suffering and dying, and still must suffer and die.

Mr. Delane, the Editor of *The Times*, was unfitted by calling, by temperament, or by habit of mind, to restrain the great journal from doing harm to the State.

Far from being well fitted by nature to play the cold part of a censor, and defend his country against a mighty torrent of motives tending, all of them, in favor of publicity, the great editor—florid, bright-eyed, in the prime of keen life, and beaming with zeal—was a man of warm, swift-coursing blood, a man of those qualities which, in speaking of wine, are called "full-bodied" and "generous," a man of great ardor, great eagerness, and one passionately imbued with that very spirit of journalism which, if he would save his country from being harmed by *The Times*, he needs must bridle and moderate.

Mr Kinglake mentions the following incident in his Appendix, as an illustration of Delane's character:

Whilst on horseback one day by the side of Delane in the Park, I happened to mention to him what had been said to me by a man of wondrous brain power, that is, by the Chancellor Lord Westbury. This statement was to the effect that after the age of seventeen, he, Lord Westbury (then Richard Bethell), had entirely supported himself at Oxford by the fruits of his own exertions, never thenceforth putting his father to any expense. Delane answered to the effect that with a little change as to the age he could say the same, and that after the age of [I think he said eighteen, but it may have been nineteen] he had supported himself at Oxford by his own exertions entirely; and he added that he had lived very comfortably, and that (what he said was a great object with him) he had kept a hunter.

Upon my showing a natural curiosity to know how he had earned the income sufficing for these purposes, he answered: "By my pen."

When I asked by what kind of writing, he answered in these words:

"By writing leading articles for country newspapers."

Then the conversation dropped, and I never learnt what the arrangements were under which it was possible for a lad at Oxford—or, indeed, for any tried writer—to make his pen serve him so steadily in the peculiar field of literature to which Delane applied his almost boyish energies; but I have heard that in London at one time there was a central machinery for supplying leading articles to country newspapers, and I suppose it must have been through a mart of that kind that Delane found the means of having his aid as a writer so largely and so constantly accepted.

Delane was so constituted that he could not only take up with vehemence the cause that he had to support, but become its convinced partisan; "and therefore his ready obedience to all the words of command, which from time to time laid down anew the varying path of the newspaper, did not prove him to be consciously acting in a spirit of servile ductility. On the contrary, those who best knew him claim a right to believe that, with every alteration ordained, he himself really, honestly changed."

To steer the great journal in calm and in storm, to be arbiter of the "policies" of States and the reputations of men, to have the strength of mind and of body that the labor required, and to be all the while exulting—unaffectedly exulting in the task—this, one sees, was to have intense life; and, Delane's genial nature inclining him to let comrades share the elixir by hearing the things he could tell them, his society, as may well be supposed—and this especially at critical periods—was beyond measure interesting to men who cared eagerly for the actual state of the world.

He used generally to bend conversation in such way as to avoid coming into dispute with his comrades, and liked best to reinforce what they said by conveying in anecdote some fragments of that rare knowledge concerning men and their motives with which—because daily the hearer of unnumbered appeals to *The Times*—he was always abundantly armed. What he said bore often so closely on the actual march of events, that his speech had the kind of zest which attaches to the words of a commander or statesman when going to pass into action, and it sometimes gave to his hearers the small, yet not despised, pleasure of being by several hours in advance of the rest of the world.

Although steeled against the notion of harboring any vain tenderness for people he had to see crushed under the wheels of his Juggernaut car, he still—like many another engaged in truculent duties—was of a good and kindly nature. He too often, as indeed we shall see, allowed the strength of *The Times* to become extreme violence, but this generally, unless I mistake, because he was strenuous, because he yearned to be forcible, and not because he felt spite. As understood in his days, the task he sustained was one necessarily involving aggressions well fitted to put a hard strain on any relations subsisting between the editor of the journal and the people assailed in its columns; yet after having been busied during many a year in this boisterous sort of work, he was able to say with just pride that he had never become estranged from a friend, nor even indeed from a comrade.

Deriving from nature large gifts, and by circumstance clothed with vast means of acting upon the volitions of men, and sometimes even ruling events, Delane, as may well be supposed, did not show the real eagerness of his nature in the weak, bustling way of people reckoned for nothing, whose time is of scarce any worth; and indeed he had the outward composure, the air of power not yet put forth that becomes a strong man of action; but it always could be seen that his energies were rather compressed than lulled—that the furnace, if so one may speak, had its fires "banked up" in the daytime, yet still was always aglow, always ready to blaze into action an hour or two before midnight.

When already in his carriage and moving to the scene of his midnight labors, kind nature used to grant him some minutes of sleep, upon which, because giving fresh strength, he used to set a great value; but from the moment of his entering the editor's room until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, the strain he had to put on his faculties must have been always great, and in stirring times almost prodigious; for although of course the great bulk of the manifold work required for constructing a number of *The Times* was performed by subordinates, and although it rested with others—perhaps I might say with one other—to determine what—at least for a while—should be the chosen policy of the journal, the editor had to execute the general design; and these were the hours of night when often he had to decide—to decide of course with great swiftness—between two or more courses of action momentously different; when, besides, he must judge the appeals brought up to the paramount arbiter from all kinds of men, from all sorts of earthly tribunals; when dispatches of moment, when telegrams fraught with grave tidings, when notes hastily scribbled in the Lords or the Commons, were from time to time coming in to confirm, or disturb—perhaps even to annul—former reckonings; and these, besides, were the hours when—on questions newly obtruding, yet so closely, so importunately, present that they would have to be met before sunrise—he somehow must cause to spring up sudden essays, invectives, and arguments which only strong power of brain with even much toil could supply.

English journalists set themselves tasks rarely even so much as attempted on the continent of Europe, undertaking to form, to deliver, to publish, swift, definitive, well-reasoned judgment upon subjects quite newly presented to the knowledge or the attention of men; and one of the more anxious duties imposed on the editor in these midnight hours was with careful, well-defined aim to convey either orally, or by means of some brief little note, the few, yet enkindling words which were destined to evoke all at once compositions of a forcible sort, and even of great ability, from the brains of other men.

In conversation, one day, a great leading-article writer conveyed an idea of his craft by using one of those metaphors which in half a minute or less did at once all the work of long statements. "To write a leading article," he said, "may take only from two hours to two hours and a half, but then all the rest of your time you are a crouching tiger, waiting waiting, to make your spring."

To be lord of these "crouching tigers," and—before 2 o'clock in the morning—say which should spring, and at whom—this was one of the midnight tasks devolving on the editor. But only one out of many. If high organization averted a too-anxious hurry, it could not dispense with the strain put on numbers of men who by concert must achieve great and varied labors within a fast narrowing space of hours, and finally, minutes.

The letters from the Crimea continuing to give the most painful accounts of the condition of the army, men needed no great weather wisdom to see fast approaching a storm of public grief and rage:

The conductors of the great journal knew that, by the law of their singular calling, as then understood, they were doomed to the task of giving full voice to the people in its hour of passion; and that—having been calm, sober, steadfast two or three days before—they must now prepare to turn frantic. Signs show that they hesitated; and one likes to be able to surmise that, on the part of the gifted men who so lately had raised the great journal to what I marked as its zenith, there was reluctance to begin the descent. But—if ever indeed it existed—this praiseworthy faltering ceased on the 23d of December, and then there was witnessed a change, no less decided and sudden, than that which in barrack-yard drill responds to the word of command.

It was vain, on behalf of the country, to ask for so precious a sacrifice as that of a little reticence; vain even on behalf of our army to whisper a "hush!" and make sign that Russia stood listening; for the vow of the daily journalist reverses the vow of the Trappist, so that, whilst the one must never speak, the other—except on a Sunday—must never, never be silent—nay, must keep himself always, always, always in the act of forcible utterance.

Mr. Kinglake cites a number of specimens of the extravagant wailings and invectives in which *The Times* preached despair, the injustice of its personal attacks, and the ludicrously mock-heroic air with which it "wiped its hands of the war under the existing management." Doubtless *The Times* expected failure, and was getting ready to exclaim "We told you so." "'The readers of *The Times* will have been prepared for the disaster we have now to announce.' To be in a position for uttering some such sentence as that if a disaster should take place was evidently an object that dominated the minds of *The Times* conductors, and drew them into most of their errors." A charge of neglecting his army was made against Lord Raglan in the columns of *The Times*—a charge which is now known to have been utterly unfounded:

As though striving to deepen the curses which such an accusation invoked, by appealing to any hatred found smouldering between class and class, our great journalists served up the remains of a somewhat rancid old doctrine which—when fresher in the days of King George—had nurtured the souls of young "Radicals"; and they not only declared aloud that the army was "one vast job, the plaything of our aristocracy," but gave point to their language by showing that the General and the headquarter staff, to whom they ascribed neglect and mismanagement, were guilty of being well-born. After speaking of our dying soldiery, the writer went on: "But their aristocratic general and their equally aristocratic staff view this scene of wreck and destruction with a gentleman-like tranquillity. Indeed, until stung into something like activity by the reflections of the press, the person on whom the highest responsibility for this situation devolves, had hardly condescended even to make himself superficially acquainted with its horrors. The aristocracy are trifling with the safety of the army in the Crimea, just as here they are dawdling over that periodical luxury, the formation of a Government." By a Thersites-like stroke of comparison with the wants of our soldiery, the very food, the very shelter supposed to be obtained at headquarters were made a subject of taunt; and he who amongst living men was unsurpassed in his sense of duty, unsurpassed in his thoughtfulness for others, he who made every day of his life a day of well-applied toil, he who giving his all of strength and working power to the Queen and the country he served, was destined to sink under his burthen, scarce finding, scarce seeking, an interval between public care and death—he, he and no other, was the chief held up to indignation as one who continued "to while away his time in ease and tranquillity among the relics of his army." The writer even thought it becoming to point to a time when Lord Raglan and his staff would "return with their horses, their plate, and their china, their German cook, and several tons' weight of official returns, all in excellent order, and the announcement that, the last British soldier being dead, they had left our position in the care of our gallant allies."

After quoting attacks of this kind, one need hardly, I think, lose time in bringing their authors to judgment. For if the offender be dead, there is obvious warrant for silence; whilst, if he be living and sentient, the mere reproduction of his words will give him enough of pain. At the mere sight of what he penned, he will writhe like a disinterred worm unwittingly cut by the spade.

This appeal to class hatred seems to have been unheeded, and *The Times* was not long in discovering that it had also erred in advising the abandonment of the campaign. How much influence the newspaper may have had in causing the Duke of Newcastle to cast blame upon Lord Raglan may be a matter of dispute. Mr. Kinglake believes that "the conductors of such a print as *The Times* would hardly have begun to asperse Lord Raglan with virulence unless they had known that the Government was turning against him." The Duke officially found fault with the General commanding in the hope of saving himself, protesting at the same time in private letters to Lord Raglan that he had no sympathy with the attack of "the ruffianly *Times*;" but the storm which *The Times* had nursed destroyed the Aberdeen Cabinet, and the Duke of Newcastle was succeeded in the Ministry of War by Lord Panmure. Mr. Kinglake's sketch of the fallen Minister contains some exquisite touches. Explaining how it was that notwithstanding the frankness and minuteness with which Lord Raglan's dispatches had regularly informed him of the situation of the army, he felt no uneasiness until the clamors of *The Times* raised a demand for the sacrifice of two of Lord Raglan's best staff officers. Mr. Kinglake remarks that "the Duke of Newcastle was *not so statistically minded as to have the habit of separating plain statements of fact from the adjacent language*. Far from being a soldier who slept, as Napoleon did, with the 'morning states' under his pillow, he seems not to have schooled himself into a due appreciation of tidings conveyed by dry words and figures. Accustomed himself to express patriotic emotions in ample, well-rounded sentences, he hardly, I think, understood that a General's dispatch, though containing no tragic language, might still be reporting a tragedy." When unofficial accounts from the Chersonese began to pour in, the Duke can hardly have learned anything of moment from them, but in their new poignant forms they impressed his mind more acutely than sober general statement, "and perhaps it might be said not inaccurately that what before he only had known, he now both knew and imagined." He presently felt very sure that there was mismanagement at Lord Raglan's headquarters, though if he had understood better the extraordinary distribution of the administration of war among a multitude of London offices, and had thought of making certain inquiries at the Treasury, he would have discovered that the fault was not in the Crimea but in Pall Mall; "he heard the people below crying out at Lord Raglan and the headquarters staff; and, since now his real convictions were setting against the same officers, might not he also go down and hoot?" If he were to act with a little audacity upon what had suddenly come to be his opinion, "might he not bring about such a blissful accord between himself and the angry people, that—at least for awhile—they might travel together on the same road with the great journal cheering them forward?"

Lord Panmure believed that the Duke of Newcastle might have saved himself if he had hooted at Lord Raglan earlier in the campaign. Firmly minded not to repeat that generous error, he made an attack upon the absent general the first act of his reign. An official dispatch in which violent censures, in very offensive language, were based upon gross misconceptions of fact, was accompanied with a private letter, in which the Minister protested his desire to stand between Lord Raglan and the angry people, and urged him to sacrifice his staff, as "the least that would satisfy the public." To this proposal of what Mr. Kinglake calls "a clandestine alliance," Lord Raglan made no reply, confining himself to a dignified and comprehensive refutation of the official dispatch. "At that time as now," says the historian, "there reigned in England a Queen; and the sternest of those who uphold constitutional principles will agree for once with the courtiers, will concede that such a dispatch as the one of which we are speaking ought not to have left our shores without having first been submitted for the royal approval. . . . It will be well for the monarchy if any explorer of desks, any searcher of journals and diaries, shall at last prove able to show that some official neglect, or some oversight or mistake in the palace intercepted the royal attention to what I have called the pith of this egregious dispatch, and that therefore the act of concurring in Lord Panmure's heedless words may happily prove to be one in which, though the State gravely erred, the Queen herself had no part."

The portrait of Lord Panmure is a masterpiece, in which every stroke is bold and telling, and yet exquisitely fine:

Lord Panmure—long known as Fox Maule—had been peculiarly circumstanced in early life. When about seventeen years old, a headstrong, tyrannical father had driven him to make a choice which—like the one famed in old Greece—was to be between pleasure and virtue. Upon condition of submitting to absolute estrangement from his mother, the lad was to have before him a world of ease, luxury, and enjoyment, with a prospect of a seat for the county. If rejecting the condition, he was to take a commission in a line regiment, with a pittance so cruelly gauged that, instead of enabling him to "live," it would only serve to keep him alive. The Scotch Hercules made his choice bravely, and was held with great rigor to the threatened conditions, but it seems that the effect of the "virtue" combined with privation was to make him beyond measure savage; and the improving society of his young brother officers did not save him from growing up to be a churl. However, at last, after many a year, when a death and the law of entail had ended his thraldom, he quitted the army, and had the vigor to do what he could towards supplying his recognized deficiencies by a course of diligent study. He afterwards entered Parliament, and disclosing a great capacity for work, became in time "Secretary at War." The duties he thus assumed were not of such kind as to give him much latitude for the exercise of his judgment; but they brought him into frequent communication upon matters of army business with the great Duke of Wellington, and also with Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

Owing partly perhaps to a habit of meditating on the attributes of his father, Fox Maule was mighty in curses, not simply and gently accentuating thought with a "damn," like the shrewd, reflective Lord Melbourne, but arming himself with maledictions in an aggressive spirit, as though he would somehow wreak his vengeance upon many a hecatomb for the usage he had received in his youth. Rough-tongued and rough-mannered in the midst of courteous people, he was formidably equipped for attack; but his resources in the way of defence were even more efficacious, for *nature had so thickly encased him as to make his mental skin quite impervious to the delicate needle-points with which a highly-bred gentlefolk is accustomed to correct its offenders.* With all his roughness and violence, it would seem he had no base malignity, and was more, after all, the rhinoceros than the tiger of Palmerston's Cabinet.

He was not without friends, of whom some still remember him kindly; and they like attributing to him those sterling, manful qualities which would harmonize with his acknowledged defects; so that after, for instance, admitting his roughness and violence, they fondly pronounce him strong-willed. Their conclusions are perhaps sustained by a survey of Lord Panmure's character as disclosed in a long course of years; but I never myself knew him personally, and besides, am so circumstanced, that a part of his career which perhaps may have been the least worthy is the very one brought before me, and this, too, under the light—the intensely strong, pitiless light—afforded by his own writings.

Judging only from his conduct and words during this confined period—a period of less than five months—I must own that instead of strong will, I discern through the roughness and violence a man quite as tame under pressure as statesmen in free countries should be. I indeed see him guilty of frivolous, reckless injustice, not unmingled with actual rudeness, towards an absent commander, but still proving sufficiently flexible under stress of the political lever, and submissive—beyond measure, submissive—to the then over-dominant power—that is, to the power of the press. He seems to have retained strong soldierly instincts; but if some of those tend towards good fighting, there are others that tend towards obedience; so that if, for instance, a soldier however valiant and resolute, be once disarmed and made prisoner, he will commonly accept his fate, and obey any marching orders he receives from the enemy with a readiness not always exhibited by a captured civilian. At the time I speak of, the bearing of Lord Panmure towards the press was a good deal like that of a soldier taken prisoner by the enemy. He received his marching orders submissively from the sheets of *The Times*, proceeded at once to obey them, and so trudged doggedly on, without giving other vent to his savageness than a comfortable oath and a growl. Whilst he trudged, he would even explain to any less docile fellow-prisoner how vain and foolish it was to dream of attempting resistance.

No humble subordinate employed by the great news-dealing company could well have proved more tractable in their hands than did the new chief of the War Department. What *The Times* had been enjoining he made it his first task to do. What *The Times* had asserted, he held must be taken as true until the contrary were shown, and in the meantime might be used as the basis of a set accusation. He even maintained that the public clamor directed against Lord Raglan's most highly valued officers, should of itself suffice to disqualify them. It is true, he from time to time showed that he savagely hated the yoke which he thought himself forced to bear; and I observe that, after bringing himself to write a dispatch which was the very echo of what the great journal ordained, he indulged himself with a fling at the power he had strictly obeyed by calling it "the villanous *Times*." But one must not forget that he made good his obedience to the newspaper by an act of State fraught with State consequences; while his little malediction—doing no good or harm to anybody—crept humbly into the sheet of a merely private letter.

We shall presently have to see that, as regards questions of right and wrong, and questions of what might be fitting and what might be unseemly, Lord Panmure, on the 12th of February, chose to govern his acts by a standard much lower than the one most in use; and it might be said that to a Secretary of State thus strangely offending one ought to apply some hard word without more ado. But there is an air of simple candor in the man's avowal of motive which almost compels one to believe that he had the approval of his own misleading conscience; and that, *wild and rash as his deviations were, he sincerely regarded them as warrantable and even useful excursions from the straight path.* It is right besides to acknowledge that his wild attack on Lord Raglan was perpetrated by a single dispatch, and that from several portions of his correspondence, no less than from the testimony of many who knew him well, there may be gathered fair reasons for believing him to have been a man of other and better quality than could be inferred from the course he adopted at the time of acceding to office. In the eyes of his friends, unrepelled by the faults of demeanor that hedged round his genuine nature, he was always, they gladly declare, of the quality belonging to those who have in them nothing ignoble; but I must own that—not having their means of piercing through the husk of his character I can only keep down the repugnance which his conduct towards Lord Raglan provokes by ascribing it to bodily ailment. There is some foundation for thinking that the language he unhappily addressed to the general commanding our army owed its source, after all, to the unseen approach of a malady which soon afterwards disclosed itself plainly by crippling the sufferer's right hand. If acquainted with the singular missive of the 12th of February, and with the state of its writer soon afterwards when stricken by manifest gout, the modern physician, it seems, would be likely to hold that the cause of the patient's affliction, as disclosed by his swollen joints, was the same as the one that—when only assailing the brain, and not recognized yet as disease—had goaded him, a few weeks before, into writing the unseemly dispatch.

We have said that there are no battle pictures in this volume; but the noise of the conflicts it has awakened is resounding in London, and will doubtless echo for some time to come. The "great journal" has replied, with denunciations singularly in contrast with the keen and carefully chosen sentences of the veteran historian. But the newspaper in this instance is no match for its antagonist. The wrath of the "crouching tigers" will be forgotten. The polished irony, the high bred scorn, and the perfectly just and decorous anger of the author of "The Invasion of the Crimea," has passed into the standard literature of the English language.